



QUALITY  
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# BLACK HAWK

32

BIG FULL WIDTH  
PAGES

NOVEMBER  
No. 34

10c

4

Complete stories-

**JETS IN FLAMES!**

**THE SONG  
OF TREACHERY!**

**MAVIS, TIGRESS  
OF THE SEA!**

**THE  
RUTHLESS  
IDOL  
OF MAILU!**

Also

**A LAUGH A MINUTE WITH  
CHOP CHOP**







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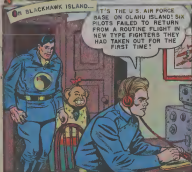


# BLACKHAWK

## JETS IN FLAMES



LIKE SO MANY STICKS OF DYNAMITE A DOZEN BRAND NEW PLANES BLOW UP IN MIDAIR... AND THE INDOMITABLE **BLACKHAWKS** MAKE IT THEIR BUSINESS TO LEARN THE DREAD SECRET BEHIND THE DISASTERS!



THEY WANT TO KNOW IF WE'LL JOIN IN THE SEARCH!

TELL THEM WE'LL BE ON OLAHU IN HALF AN HOUR!



BUT BLACKHAWK, WE WAS SUPPOSED TO FLY TO THE MAINLAND TO PICK UP OUR BRAND NEW PLANES TODAY!

OUR OLD CRATES WILL HAVE TO DO FOR ANOTHER DAY! HELPING THE U.S. AIR FORCE IS MORE IMPORTANT!



VELLY DISRESPECTFUL TO CALL THESE SUPERIOR JET AIRSHIPS OLD CRATES, BLACK-HAWK!

I KNOW THESE ARE GOOD, CHOP CHOP, BUT THEY'RE ANTIQUATED COMPARED TO THE NEW JOSS WE'RE GETTING!



ON OLAHU...

THE SIX LOST PLANES WERE SOMEWHERE OVER THE JUNGLE WHEN WE LAST HEARD FROM THE PILOTS! ALL SIX RADDGED AT THE SAME TIME AND THEN WE DIDN'T HEAR FROM ANY ONE OF THEM AGAIN!

WE'LL BE GLAD TO HELP IN THE SEARCH!



THANKS, BLACKHAWK! WE HAVE ABOUT TWENTY PLANES OUT LOOKING DOWN AT THAT JUNGLE BUT WE KNOW HOW MUCH BETTER THAN US YOU ARE AT THIS SORT OF THING!

JAY AND VE COULD DO A BETTER JOB STILL IF VE HAD DER NEW SHIPS VE WERE SUPPOSED TO GET TODAY!



BUT LOOK HERE, BLACKHAWK, I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU DEPEND ON HAVING THE RIGHT PLANES IN THE RIGHT CONDITION AT YOUR DISPOSAL AT ALL TIMES! I DON'T WANT YOU INCONVENIENCED BY THIS SEARCH!

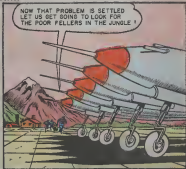
NEW PLANES? WHAT SORT?

WE'RE GETTING LUMMINS' NEW G-42'S!

REALLY? WHAT A CO-INCIDENCE! THOSE WERE THE SHIPS OUR MEN WERE TRYING OUT WHEN THEY GOT LOST!

HMM! THAT GIVES US A DOUBLE REASON FOR FINDING OUT WHAT HAPPENED!





# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK

**T**RAMPING DOGGEDLY THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE GROWTH, BLACKHAWK AND CHOP CHOP FIND FOUR MORE SHATTERED PLANES, FOUR MORE DEAD FLYERS....



YOU THINK MESSIE BOMBS ABOARD AND PILOTS NOT KNOW!



I FOUND THEM...ALL OF THEM! THEY'RE COMPLETELY DESTROYED AS IF THEY EXPLODED... ALL IN THE SAME SPOT! THE PILOTS ARE DEAD! THEY DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE!

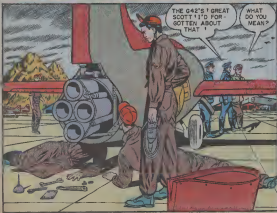
I WAS AFRAID OF THIS!

**B**ACK ON OLAHU....



I'LL GIVE YOUR MEN THE EXACT POSITION!

WE APPRECIATE THIS ANYWAY, BLACKHAWK! I'VE SENT FOR YOUR PLANES! MY MEN SHOULD HAVE THEM HERE SOON!



THE G42'S! GREAT SCOTT! I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT THAT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

SIMPLY THAT YOUR G42'S BLEW UP THE FIRST TIME THEY WERE TAKEN OUT! HOW DO WE KNOW THAT WON'T HAPPEN TO THE PLANES YOUR MEN ARE BRINGING IN FOR US!

GOOD HEAVENS! ARE YOU HINTING THAT SOMETHING'S BEING DONE TO THESE PLANES BEFORE THEY LEAVE THE LUMINIS PLANT! SOMETHING THAT MAKES THEM EXPLODE!



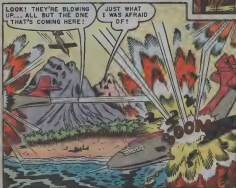


# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK

AGAIN ON OLAHU...

AND I TELL YOU, SIR, IF BLACKHAWK HADN'T TOLD US TO BAIL OUT AT THAT MOMENT WE'D HAVE BEEN DONE'S!

BUT BLACK-HAWK, HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I DIDN'T! I WAS JUST AFRAID SOMETHING LIKE THAT MIGHT HAPPEN! WE'LL GIVE YOU A FULL REPORT ON WHAT WE FIND AT THE LUMMINS PLANT, SIR!

GOOD LUCK, BLACK-HAWK!



THEN WE'LL SEE WHOEVER'S IN CHARGE!

I'LL TRY TO GET MR KRADA FOR YOU! HE'S IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION WHILE MR. LUMMINS IS AWAY!

NOT LONG AFTERWARD ON THE MAINLAND...

LUMMINS AIRCRAFT  
DESIGNED BY  
J.R. LUMMINS  
PIED

THIS IS IT!

WE WANT TO SEE MR. J.R. LUMMINS!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! MR. LUMMINS HAS BEEN ILL IN THE HOSPITAL FOR THREE MONTHS NOW!



DON'T BOTHER ANNOUNCING US! WE'LL JUST GO RIGHT IN!

VERY GOOD BLACK-HAWK! IT IS NOT KNOWN IN MILITARY PARLANCE AS DER ADVANTAGE TO BE GAINED FROM DER ELEMENT OF SURPRISE!

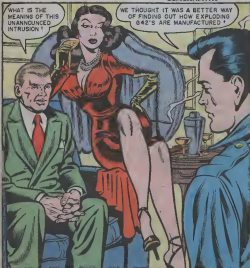
HA! HA! KURT, YOU ARE SO AMUSING!

MR. KRADA SEEMS TO BE BUSY!

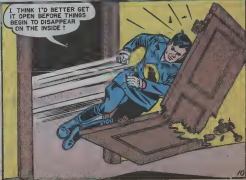
BUT NOT WITH BUSINESS MATTERS! THAT WAS WOMAN'S LAUGH!













# BLACKHAWK



AND YOUR OBJECTIVE?

TO WEAKEN YOUR COUNTRY BY MAKING THE U.S. AIR FORCE FEEL THAT THE LATEST MODEL PLANES ARE UNRELIABLE! IT WILL RETARD AMERICA'S PROGRESS IN AVIATION WHILE MY COUNTRY FORGES AHEAD!

SO YOU'RE A FOREIGNER! THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!



# BLACKHAWK

WE ARE BOTH FOREIGNERS, BLACKHAWK! FOREIGNERS FROM THE COUNTRY THAT WILL ONE DAY TRAMPLE THE UNITED STATES BE-NEATH ITS FEET!

I'M SURE YOU'D LIKE THAT! HUMAN LIFE MEANS LITTLE ENOUGH TO YOU AS WITNESS THE MEN YOU DESTROYED MERELY TO DEMONSTRATE THE WEAKNESS OF A PLANE AND THE READI-NESS WITH WHICH YOU WERE GOING TO KILL US TO CONTINUE THE DEMONSTRATION!



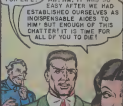
YOU SPEAK LIKE A FOOL, BLACKHAWK! WHAT ARE MUMAN LIVES WITH THE STAKES WE PLAY FOR? GIVE ME THAT SPRAY GUN, KRADA! I'LL SHOW BLACKHAWK HOW MUCH WE CARE FOR HUMAN LIFE!

AND MR LUMMINS? I SUPPOSE YOU'VE COME FOR HIM ONE WAY OR ANOTHER?



IT WASN'T NECESSARY! YOU SEE LINDA RECANOOT IS THE GREATEST AUTHORITY ON POISONS AND POISON-OUS CHEMICALS IN OUR COUNTRY! SHE WAS ABLE TO ADMINISTER A POISON TO MR. LUMMINS... ONE THAT WILL KEEP THE OLD IDIOT AN INVALID FOR LIFE!

HASHA! IT WAS SO EASY AFTER WE HAD ESTABLISHED OURSELVES AS INDISPENSABLE AIDES TO HIM! BUT ENOUGH OF THIS CHATTER! IT IS TIME FOR ALL OF YOU TO DIE!



YOU INCLUDE ONE VUN PERHAPS, LOVELY LADY?

NO! LINDA! DON'T!



I AM SORRY, KURT! IF YOU MUST BE SACRIFICED IN ORDER TO DESTROY OUR ENEMIES THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE! WE CANNOT LET THESE MEN LIVE WITH WHAT THEY KNOW!

THAT SPRAY GUN ...DON'T USE IT!



IT'S DEFECTIVE... EE-A-A-HH!

... SHE'S DONE IT! THE CHEMICAL HIT HER METAL EAR RING!



AND THEN BEFORE THE EYES OF ALL JUPITER! ENOUGH OF IT! IT HIT LINDA TO STUN HER... BUT NOT ENOUGH TO AFFECT THE REST OF US!

IT'S HORRIBLE... TOO HORRIBLE! I NEVER REALIZED HOW MONSTROUS A FORMULA SHE HAD DISCOVERED!



YOU'LL BOTH HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO THINK ABOUT THAT IN AN AMERICAN PRISON, KRADA!





BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK

## THE SONG OF TREACHERY!



THERE WAS SKELLY BONES, A MAN WITH A FACE LIKE GRIM DEATH, AND THERE WAS TAMA WITH THE ANGELIC EYES AND THE UNKNOWNABLE HEART! TOGETHER WITH THE DARING BLACKHAWKS THEY PLAYED OUT A DRAMA OF VIOLENCE AND TERROR ON AN ISLAND DECENT MEN HAD LONG FORGOTTEN!

IN A TOP SECRET OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT...

WE CALLED ON YOU BLACKHAWKS BECAUSE WE THINK YOU ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN DO THIS DIFFICULT JOB! EVEN SO IT MAY MEAN DEATH TO YOU ALL!

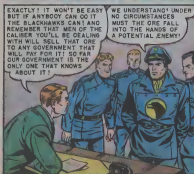
WE'VE RISKED THAT BEFORE! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT SIR?



A MONTH AGO ONE OF THIS AGENCY'S COURIERS WAS RETURNING FROM SOUTH AMERICA WITH A SMALL AMOUNT OF ORE CONSIDERED MORE VALUABLE FOR STRATEGIC PURPOSES THAN URANIUM!

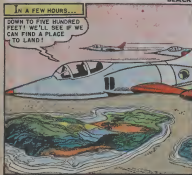








# BLACKHAWK



# BLACKHAWK



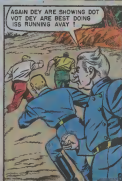


















NOW IS THE HOUR  
OF THE SKELETONS...

THOSE SKELETONS... BR-R-R!

LISTEN... IT IS TAMA SINGING! HOW STRANGE ZAT SHE SHOULD SING NOW!



LOOK! THE SKELETONS COMING AT US! IT'S UNCANNY! LET'S GET OUT OF THE SWAMP, BLACKHAWK!

NO! THAT'S WHAT WE'RE EXPECTED TO DO! SKELETONS DON'T WALK IN A SWAMP OF THEIR OWN ACCORD!



AND THEY DON'T WIELD KNIVES!



UNLESS THERE'S SOMEBODY BEHIND THEM TO DO THE WIELDING!

AY BAN SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, BLACKHAWK!



BEATING YOU YAHOOOS UP CAN BECOME MONOTONOUS! DON'T YOU EVER KNOW WHEN YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH?



TAMA SENT US INTO THAT! IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING!

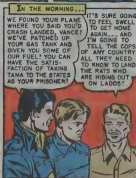
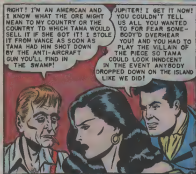
JA! IT MEANS DOT EVERY TIME SHE BEGINS TO SING DOT SONG OF PERS, IT ISS A SIGNAL TO START KILLING DER BLACK-HAWKS IF POSSIBLE!



SO YOU ESCAPED AGAIN, EH, BLACKHAWKS? I HAD COUNTED ON MY MEN TO GO COMPLETELY TERRORIZE YOU WITH THE SKELETON STUNT THAT YOU WOULD BECOME EASY VICTIMS FOR THEIR GUNS AND KNIVES! BUT THEY ARE HOPELESS BUNGLERS! FORTUNATELY I HAVE A BULLET FOR EACH OF YOU AND I SHOOT STRAIGHT!

ALL RIGHT! AS LONG AS WE'RE TO DIE, YOU MAY AS WELL TELL US IF IT'S TRUE THAT VANCE IS IN THE SWAMP AND IF HE IS STILL ALIVE!





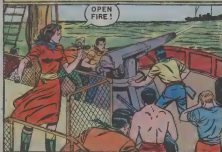
BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK

and  
**MAVIS,  
TIGRESS  
OF THE  
SEAS!**



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WHEN THE WORLD IS CERTAIN THAT THE LAST PIRATE HAS LONG BEEN DEAD...



SHE'S HIT!  
DRAW CLOSE  
TO HER!





BOARD HER AND  
SPARE NO ONE!



NO!  
NO!



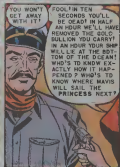
THIS IS PIRACY!  
YOU'LL PAY WITH  
YOUR LIFE FOR IT!

YOU POOR,  
DELUDED  
MAN! HAS  
ANYONE  
CAUGHT  
MAVIS  
YET?



MAVIS? SO IT'S YOU! I COULD BARELY  
BELIEVE THE GHOSTLY TALES I HEARD  
ABOUT THE MEN YOU'VE  
KILLED, THE SHIPS  
YOU'VE ROBBED  
AND SUNK!

HA! HA! BUT  
NOW YOU FIND  
IT EASIER TO  
RELIEVE THEM,  
EH?



YOU WON'T  
GET AWAY  
WITH IT!

FOOL! IN TEN  
SECONDS YOU'LL  
BE DEAD! IN HALF  
AN HOUR WE'LL HAVE  
REMOVED THE GOLD  
SULLION YOU CARRY!  
IN AN HOUR YOUR SHIP  
WILL LIE AT THE BOT-  
TOM OF THE OCEAN!  
WHO'S TO KNOW EX-  
ACTLY HOW IT HAP-  
PENED? WHO'S TO  
KNOW WHERE MAVIS  
WILL SAIL THE  
PRINCESS NEXT?

BUT AT THAT INSTANT... COMING THROUGH  
THE CLOUDS OVERHEAD... THE BLACKHAWKS!



WE'RE RIGHT OVER THE PRINCESS  
AND HER QUARRY, MEN! OUR RADAR  
EQUIPMENT HAS COME THROUGH  
FOR US AGAIN!



SET ROBOT CONTROLS TO TAKE  
PLANES BACK TO BLACKHAWK  
ISLAND! THEN BAIL OUT ONTO  
THE DECK OF MAVIS' VICTIM!





# BLACKHAWK



THIS ISN'T THE END, BLACKHAWK! I'LL FIND A WAY OUT AND I'LL KILL YOU... KILL ALL YOU CURSED BLACKHAWKS!

YOU'RE FAR TOO OPTIMISTIC, MAVIS!



WE WERE A LONG TIME CATCHING UP WITH YOU...BUT NOW YOU'RE THROUGH! THERE GO THE LAST OF YOUR OUTTHROATS... DOWN AND OUT!



YOU HAVE MY UNDYING GRATITUDE, BLACKHAWK! YOUR ARRIVAL WAS A MIRACLE!

NOT AT ALL, CAPTAIN! MERELY THE RESULT OF LOTS OF HARD WORK...

TRACKING DOWN ODD BITS OF INFORMATION, MAKING THE MOST OF RADAR, AND CONSTANT SEARCHING!



YOU MAY TAKE YOUR SHIP ON ITS WAY, CAPTAIN! MY MEN AND I WILL TAKE MAVIS AND HER KILLERS TO PORT ON THE PRINCESS!

THANK YOU AGAIN, BLACKHAWK!



THAT NIGHT ON BOARD THE PRINCESS...

EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL! STANISLAUS IS SUPERVISING THE ENGINE CREW, OLAF'S KEEPING THE DECK SEAMEN HOPPING, HENDRICKSON'S AT THE WHEEL AND CHOP CHOP'S IN THE GALLEY!

FINE! IF WE CHANGE WATCHES REGULARLY WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE GETTING THIS SHIP INTO PORT!



MAVIS AND CREW EAT VELLY GOOD! REFRIGERATOR STOCKED VELLY FULL OF FANCY FOODS!

AH...CHOP CHOP, ZE DISHES YOU CARRY SMELL EXQUISITE!



SOMEBODY WILL HAVE TO TAKE A TRAY TO MAVIS!

SACRE! EET EES A JOB I WELCOME!

BETTER NOT, ANDRE! MAVIS IS VERY ATTRACTIVE AND YOU MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO RESIST HER!

PARBLEU, BLACKHAWK, CAN THERE NEVAIR BE A LITTLE PLEASURE MIXED WITH OUR WORK?



YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT, CHUCK!

CHECK!



ALORS! PERHAPS SOMEDAY WE CAPTURE ZE LADY PIRATE WHO EES SEVENTY YEARS OLD AND UGLY! ZEN I CAN TAKE TO HER ZE FOOD, NON?

IT'S A DEAL, ANDRE!



SOME CHOW, MAVIS, FROM US TO YOU!

YOU MAKE IT SOUND AS IF YOU ARE GIVING ME SOMETHING OUT OF THE GENEROSITY OF YOUR HEART! AFTER ALL IT IS MY FOOD AND MY SHIP!



THAT'S DEBATABLE! YOU'VE PROBABLY STOLEN BOTH!

YOU BLACKHAWKS! WHY MUST YOU ALWAYS BE SO DIFFICULT, SO UNRELENTING!



AFTER ALL I'M JUST A WOMAN!

ER... GOODNIGHT, MAVIS!

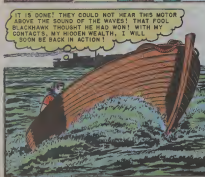


WAIT! YOU ARE NOT LIKE THE OTHERS! I SAW THAT RIGHT AWAY! WOULD YOU NOT LIKE TO KISS ME?

LOOK... LET'S NOT...





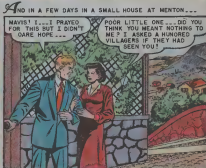


# BLACKHAWK



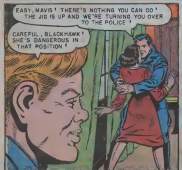


WEEKS LATER IN A HIDEAWAY IN A REMOTE PORT---





# BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

# Chop Chop

PEOPLE SAY  
MOUNTAIN AIR  
VELLY HEALTHY  
BUT IT NOT LOOK  
THAT WAY TO  
ME!

AH! VELLY INVIGORATING ATMOSPHERE!  
BLACKHAWK, DO CHOP CHOP BIG FAVOR WHEN  
HE LEAVE HIM HERE FOR SHORT TIME  
WHILE OTHER BLACKHAWKS  
GO ON QUICK MISSION!

ROMANY ANI  
GRITS  
MOUNTAINS  
IN FLATLAND  
NEEDED ALLOWED

IS  
LIKE  
VACATION!



YAWP!

HEY!  
YOU  
CLAZY?  
YOU  
WANT TO  
KILL SOME-  
BODY?

DON'T MIND EF I  
DO, SPECIALLY  
IFN IT'S BANDIT  
JAKE I'M A-  
KILLIN'!

ME BANDIT  
JAKE! NEVER  
EVEN HEAR  
OF HIM, LET  
ALONE BE  
HIM! IS  
RIDICULOUS!  
ME HONORABLE  
MAN NAMED  
CHOP CHOP!

YOU AIN'T  
FOOLIN' ME  
WITH THAT  
RIG! SARAH,  
THE WITCH,  
WARNED ME  
ABOUT  
BANDIT  
JAKE'S  
DISGUISES!

BANDIT JAKE---  
SARAH, THE  
WITCH---IT  
MAKES LESS  
SENSE ALL  
THE TIME!

GIT  
GOIN'!

I GOT HIM, SARAH, THE WITCH!  
I SHORE AS SHOOTIN' DONE  
FOUND BANDIT  
JAKE!

IS VELLY  
GREAT  
NONSENSE!

HIM BANDIT  
JAKE?

HEZZY BE RIGHT! DON'T BE  
FOOLED BY THE DISGUISE!  
I WARNED YOU BANDIT  
JAKE HAS THOUSANDS  
OF 'EM!

SO IT'S A  
DISGUISE!

WE'LL SOON SEE  
ABOUT THAT!





BLACKHAWK

SINCE ME WIZARD  
WILL SHOW YOU  
TERRIFIC MEAL  
ONLY WIZARD  
CAN MAKE! BUT  
FIRST MUST  
GATHER  
INGREDIENTS!

ALL RIGHT,  
BUT WE'LL BE  
A-WATCHIN'  
YE!



THIS ROOT GIVE VELLY BAD  
PAIN IN STOMACH! THAT WILL  
CREATE OPPORTUNITY FOR  
CHOP CHOP TO  
ESCAPE!



IS THAT WHAT  
WE'RE A-GOIN' TO  
EAT? IT SHORE  
DON'T LOOK  
LIKE MUCH!

WHEN BANDIT JAKE  
GET THROUGH WITH  
IT YOU NOT BE  
ABLE TO TELL  
IT FROM  
FILET  
MIGNON!



VELLY GLAD YOU  
SO INTERESTED!

AIN'T NUTHIN' SARAH, THE WITCH  
DON'T KNOW ABOUT COOKING UP  
THINGS! I'LL TELL YE IF IT'S  
A-GOIN' TO AMOUNT  
TO ANYTHING!



GAW-W!  
IT DO SMELL  
HORRIBLE!



WITCH VELLY GROGGY!  
UH-OH! IS BUMP HEAD ON  
POT, MAKE WIG MOVE OUT  
OF PLACE! VELLY  
INTERESTING!



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU  
DOIN' WITH SARAH  
THE WITCH?

ME FOOL YOU GENTLEMEN! ME  
MAKE POTION TO REVEAL DARK  
SECRETS! SORRY YOU CANNOT  
HAVE GOOD  
DINNER BUT THIS  
BETTER!







# JETS WEST

THE black jets with the blood-red noses came down over the low granite ridge out of the sunrise, flinging the howling thunder of their exhausts back into the tortured air. In the flanking plane, Fury, side and companion to The Avenger, touched the button of his throat-mike.

"I see the town of Dalen, Avenger," he said. "Just ahead and a point north of our path. There's a good landing field on this side, from the looks of it."

The Avenger, dark-clad champion of universal justice, smiled below his black mask. "Wrong, Fury. That isn't Dalen at all but a ghost town. Nobody lives in it any more but the coyotes and the buzzards. Dalen itself is over that ridge to the south. A good many years ago, when the original Dalen Mine petered out, they simply abandoned the old town and built a new one two miles south, near the new shafts."

"I'll be darned," Fury said as they howled down across the silent streets, the empty shells of buildings. "It's laid out just like the new Dalen. How can a stranger tell which is which from the air?"

"Look on that hill ahead," The Avenger directed. "See that lone pine standing up there, blasted by lightning? That's your landmark. That pine stands as a sentinel over the old ghost town. The hill behind the new Dalen has no such marker."

A few moments later, their jet blasts whispering to silence, the two famous planes coasted to a stop on the Dalen airport. A knot of figures came running to greet the two men. In the lead was the slim, worried Mayor Allen, who had sent the distress call for The Avenger's help.

"Thanks for coming, Avenger," the Mayor said fervently, pumping their hands. "But I don't really know how you can help us. A fiend who calls himself Rusko has served notice that unless we pay him a million dollars in gold from our mines by noon today, his planes will sweep over at sundown and wipe us off the map."

"Rusko, eh?" The Avenger said thoughtfully. "My mortal enemy. I've tried for a long time

to come to grips with him. He's a pirate of the skies, leader of a band of flying desperadoes who plunder and slaughter all over the world. All decent people will breathe more freely when Rusko and his band have been destroyed."

"But what can we do?" demanded the Mayor, mopping the cold sweat of fear from his face. "He came over us yesterday with a whole squadron of terrifically fast planes. They flashed down, blasted two buildings to rubble with atomic rockets and then vanished in the west. A radio message told us that was just a sample, a demonstration of what will happen to us today if we don't pay."

"Don't pay," The Avenger said curtly. "I think I have a plan that will save your city and put Rusko right where we want him—dead in our gunsights."

"Then we'd better evacuate everyone at once, Avenger, in case anything goes wrong with your plan."

The Avenger shook his head. "It won't go wrong if you will help me. First, hide our planes so his observers won't discover we're here. Then call a meeting in your office at once. I want to talk to all the junk dealers in Dalen, all your Used Car salesmen and your biggest plant nurseryman."

The Mayor's jaw dropped. "Junk dealers, used car salesmen, nurseryman . . ." He swallowed heavily. "But I'll do it, Avenger. Your reputation for defending justice is world-wide. You must know what you're doing."

At noon the Dalen radio cut into the pre-arranged wave length to send its decision to the listening landlits of the sky. "Dalen to Rusko. Dalen to Rusko. This is our decision—go run up a rope, you two-bit hazzard. You won't collect a single penny from us."

Half-way around the world the dark, astute face of the air pirate, Rusko, turned to a mask of fury at the taunting words that came from the loudspeaker. Whirling, he rasped, "Fuel the ships at once. We'll show them what it means to defy Rusko. Hurry! We want to reach there before the sun drops behind the mountains so

we can be sure not a single shred of that town remains."

By mid-afternoon the grim squadron of evil was howling down on the long glide from the stratosphere, that would terminate at doomed Dalen. In the lead, Rusko snarled instructions into his radio mike. "Don't make any mistakes. The town below the lightning-shattered pine is a ghost town. The real Dalen is two miles from there. Don't waste ammunition on the wrong place."

The sun was turning into a red ball in the west when the walling jets lifted over the last ridge and dipped their deadly armaments downward toward the town that lay in shadows, clearly marked by the bald hill beyond.

Rusko touched buttons, his thin lips peeled back in a leer of sadistic anticipation as the first deadly rockets spat into the gloom. Below, a building seemed to swell and burst into a cloud of fragments. On the street below parked cars flew into the air from the monstrous blast. Figures like horrible broken dolls were swept up in the debris and tossed skyward.

Then Rusko's plane was past the target and he turned, laughing savagely as his evil followers dipped and emptied their rocket racks and guns at the defenseless town. When the last plane had zoomed from its task of destruction there was not a moving figure visible below, nothing but the crimson glow of licking flames over the shapeless piles of debris.

A mile above and directly into the sun, The Avenger activated his throat mike. "This is it, Fury. They're pulling up, with most of their guns and rocket racks empty. Let's go."

Jet blasts screamed as the two deadly planes swept down to meet the destroyers. Rusko saw and recognized his enemies at the last flashing second before they struck. Until that moment the red glare of the setting sun had blinded his eyes to their presence, just as his mad lust for destruction had blinded his senses to the possibility of ambush. Now, too late, he realized his fatal mistake.

Screaming, cursing, shouting panicky orders at his disorganized squadron, Rusko tripped his guns. He saw the flaming tracers miss The Avenger's plane by inches as the howling dive out-raced even the uncanny tracking ability of

Rusko's radar gun-aimers. Coming almost straight down, with jets wide open, The Avenger and Fury were so far above the mere speed of sound that no instrument known to man could track their path.

Caught unprepared and further slowed by the steepness of their climbs, the killer-ships were sitting ducks for the deadly marksmanship of the champions of justice. Fighting to flee the death trap, Rusko saw his flank man vanish in one intolerable glare of destruction. He saw another of his followers flung into the air by the terrible blast that tore his ship apart.

Then suddenly Rusko had the blood-red nose of the Avenger's plane dead in his sights. It seemed an incredible miracle but there it was. For a split second not even a dub could miss.

With a wild yell of triumph, Rusko tripped guns and rockets. Then the yell turned to a last hoarse scream of terror. He had forgotten the empty shell belts, the empty rocket racks. He had one anguished moment to regret the flame and fury he had wasted on the helpless town below.

Then tiny, licking spurts of crimson flame seemed to ripple the black wings of The Avenger's plane and those spurts were the last things Rusko saw before the converging shells blasted him and his evil to Eternity.

It was over, and less than a minute had elapsed. To the west, Fury dove and fired and the last of the pirates vanished into nothing. Then he and The Avenger were alone in the ravished skies.

They dipped down once over the town of Dalen, wagging their wings in a salute and a farewell and then they were gone over the mountains to the west, the thunder of their jets dying to a whisper. Fury touched his throat mike. "Nice work, Avenger. That was clever, moving the split pine tree clear over to the next mountain and filling the streets of that ghost town with straw dummies and old junked cars to make it look from the air like the real Dalen. Rusko died without ever knowing he had wasted his fire on an empty ghost town."

"Rusko died," The Avenger said softly, "and that is the important thing. The world will be a better place for men of honor. Now let's go home and see who else needs us."

BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK

*and The Ruthless Idol of Mailu*



**MAILU!** MYSTERIOUS ISLAND OF THE EAST! HERE THE NATIVES LIVED IN THE SHADOW OF THEIR MONSTROUS IDOL AND TREMBLED AT THE COMMANDS THAT ISSUED FROM ITS DEPTHS! HERE THE VALIANT BLACKHAWKS WERE READY TO STEP INTO THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH TO FATHOM A TERRIBLE SECRET!

ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

IT'S A WOMAN IN A PLANE! SHE SAYS SHE'S BEEN LOOKING FOR BLACKHAWK ISLAND... HAS TO HAVE OUR HELP! SHE'S LOST AND RUNNING OUT OF GAS!

GIVE HER OUR LOCATION! HAVE HER COME IN ON OUR BEAM!

SHE'S GOT IT NOW! SHE'LL BE DOWN IN A FEW MINUTES!

ZUT! IT WEEL BE A PLEASURE TO SEE ZE FEMALE FACE FOR A CHANGE!







# BLACKHAWK



I'M SORRY, ZITA!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, BLACKHAWK! I SHOULD EXPLAIN THAT WHILE I AM DEVOTED TO THE GOD OF MAILU, I FEEL THAT IT MUST BE SOME STRANGE FORCE THAT MAKES HIM DO WHAT HE HAS BEEN DOING LATELY!

MY PEOPLE WOULD NEVER THINK OF QUESTIONING RUNA! THEY WOULD CONTINUE TO SUFFER THE LOSS OF THEIR YOUNG MEN INDEFINITELY... BUT I HAVE NOT ALWAYS LIVED ON MAILU! MY FATHER WAS A WEALTHY CHIEF AND HE SENT ME ABROAD TO STUDY WESTERN WAYS!



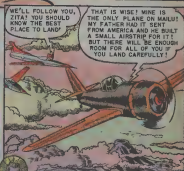
I KNOW THAT IT IS POSSIBLE TO HAVE FAITH AND YET QUESTION EVIL! I KNOW THAT SOMETIMES THERE ARE LOGICAL EXPLANATIONS FOR SEEMING MYSTERIES!

YOU'RE VERY SENSIBLE, ZITA!



WHILE ABROAD I HEARD MANY TIMES OF THE BRAVE EXPLOITS OF THE BLACKHAWKS AND I KNEW THAT THEY COULD HELP ME! PLEASE COME WITH ME, BLACKHAWK... ALL OF YOU!

WE'RE READY AS SOON AS WE FILL YOUR PLANE'S TANK!



WE'LL FOLLOW YOU, ZITA! YOU SHOULD KNOW THE BEST PLACE TO LAND!

THAT IS WISE! MINE IS THE ONLY PLANE ON MAILU! MY FATHER HAD IT SENT FROM AMERICA AND HE BUILT A SMALL AIRSTRIP FOR IT! BUT THERE WILL BE ENOUGH ROOM FOR ALL OF YOU IF YOU LAND CAREFULLY!



A LITTLE WHILE LATER...

WE ARE HERE! LET US GO AT ONCE INTO THE PRESENCE OF RUNA! ONLY THIS MORNING TWELVE YOUNG MEN WENT THROUGH THE SACRED DOORS!



THAT IDOL MUST BE HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD! IT'S A CREEPY LOOKING THING!

SW-H? DER GIRL ZITA WOULD NOT LIKE TO HEAR YOU SAY DOT!

# BLACKHAWK





# BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK, THERE IS ONLY ONE HOPE IN VELLY BAD SITUATION! I HEAR PRAYER OF THOSE MAILU NATIVES! THEY SPEAK IN DIALECT I HAPPEN TO LEARN IN ORIENT LONG TIME AGO FROM WISE TEACHER WHO BELIEVE IN TEACHING MANY SEEMINGLY USELESS THINGS!



WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, CHOP CHOP!

IT WORTH RISK IF WE ARE TO DE ANYWAY! THESE PEOPLE SPEAK IN ANCIENT TONGUE, PRAY IN ANCIENT TONGUE, BUT I HAVE NOT HEARD OUR CAPTORS USE ANCIENT TONGUE! PERHAPS THEY NOT KNOW IT! I WILL USE IT... VELLY LOUD!



I GET IT! GOOD LUCK!



AKBA GRADNE BIJUBRA VOLU!

IT IS RUNA'S VOICE! HE COMMANDS US TO KILL HIS SERVANTS! HE SAYS THEY ARE FALSE!



NICE GOING IF THAT'S WHAT YOU TOLD THEM, CHOP CHOP!

KILL THE INTRUDERS FIRST! WE'LL ATTEND TO THE REBELLIOUS YOUNG MEN AFTER-WARD!



OR TRY TO!



ZITA, MY LOVE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



OH BALU, IT IS YOU! I WAS SO AFRAID I WOULD NOT FIND YOU ALIVE!



# BLACKHAWK

LET THE NATIVES HAVE THE PLEASURE OF BEATING UP ON THESE BIRDS! FROM THE EXHAUSTED LOOK OF THESE MAILU FELLOWS THEY DWE THEM A FEW PUNCHES!



BY THE WAY, LET'S SEE WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE!



H'NM A EUROPEAN! THAT'S INTERESTING!



LOOK, BLACKHAWK, LEADER IS GETTING AWAY!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!



BY THE WAY, CHOP CHOP, WHAT DID THOSE ANCIENT MAILU WORDS MEAN?

THEY MEAN THAT SERVANTS OF RUNA ARE IMPOSTORS! I TAKE CHANCE THAT SERVANTS ARE FAKES AND THEY ARE! I MAKE IT SEEM THAT RUNA TELL NATIVES SO!



WE SEEM TO HAVE BEEN RUNNING DOWNWARD, DEEPER INTO THE EARTH! UN-OH! LOCKED OUT AGAIN!

I GET IDEA ABOUT IMITATING VOICE OF RUNA WHEN I REMEMBER THAT WE HEAR SAME THING OUTSIDE DOORS TO IDOL!



YOU DID A GOOD JOB, CHOP CHOP, BUT CONCENTRATE ON THIS ONE NOW! WE HAVE ANOTHER DOOR TO CRASH DOWN!

HERE COME REST OF BLACKHAWKS JUST IN TIME TO HELP!



# BLACKHAWK



WE'RE GETTING INTO A RUT!

HAWKAAAA

A MODERN RUBBER PROCESSING FACTORY --- HERE UNDERGROUND ON BACKWARD MAILU!

AND ZE POOR CHAPS LYING THERE WORKED TO THE POINT OF COLLAPSE --- DEATH PERHAPS! ZAT IS WHY ZITA SAID THEY NEVER RETURNED AFTER THEY CAME IN HERE!



LOOK SHARP, BOYS! ONLY ONE THING MAKES A CLICKING SOUND LIKE THAT... A MACHINE GUN BEING SET FOR FIRING!



MISSED US... AND NOW WE KNOW WHERE HE IS!

RAT-TAT-TAT!



WHAT'S MORE HE ALSO KNOWS WHERE WE ARE!

EE-AAHH!



ANOTHER EUROPEAN... AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT PART OF EUROPE YOU CAME FROM, CHUM!

YOU DOSS! THIS IS ONLY A MINOR FAILURE! IT WILL NOT STOP THE POWER FOR WHICH I WORK FROM ACHIEVING FINAL VICTORY! JUST AS WE INFILTRATED IN MAILU AND WORKED ON THE FEARS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE NATIVES TO ENSLAVE THEM FOR OUR MILITARISTIC PURPOSES SO WILL WE DO WITH OTHER LANDS!



OW-W! CURSE YOU! I'D HAVE HAD EVERY BIT OF RUBBER ON THE ISLAND PROCESSED AND SHIPPED OUT OF HERE IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR MEDDLING!

YOU HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD THERE, CHUM! THERE'LL ALWAYS BE OTHERS LIKE US TO MIDDLE WHEREVER YOU TRY TO TAKE OVER AS YOU DID HERE! NOW, GET GOING!



BUD, COULD I GET A WRISTWATCH THE SAME EASY WAY YOU GOT THAT AIR RIFLE

YOU SURE CAN SIS, ALSO DOLLS BICYCLES AND MANY OTHER THINGS, JUST MAIL COUPON TO START, LIKE I DID



AND SIS MAILED IN THE COUPON AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE

LOOK, BUD - WILSON SENT WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE AND EVERYTHING. I DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND A PENNY. NOW I'LL GET MY WRISTWATCH



YOU'LL SELL THEM FAST!

THANKS, SIS, THIS IS A WONDERFUL ART PICTURE THAT YOU'RE GIVING ME WITH THIS FINE SALVE



YES! GIVING THE PICTURES MADE IT FUN TO SELL ALL I NEED FOR MY WATCH

IT SURE IS - I'M GOING TO GET A BIKE NEXT

LOOK AT MY NEW WATCH ISN'T IT LOVELY



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Today I am the owner of a Radio-Television Service. I have five customers working in my shop. My income has doubled — PAUL, BELLEVILLE, Illinois.

**RADIO ENGINEER AND NETWORK**  
I am now a Radio-Television Service. I have five customers working in my shop. My income has doubled — NORMAN H. WELLS, Chicago.

**DO IT TO DO WITH IN SPARE TIME**  
I have learned much in 10 to 15 minutes in spare time. I have a spare room in my house and work on it at 40 a week — LEONARD BERNOLD, Peoria, Illinois.

**ALSO OWNERSHIP PROFITABLE**  
I have now a spare room in my house and work on it at 40 a week — LEONARD BERNOLD, Peoria, Illinois.

**SETS FIRST AND THROUGH HERE**  
My first job with R.T. was as a Radio-Television Service. I have five customers working in my shop. My income has doubled — PAUL, BELLEVILLE, Illinois.

**DO IT TO DO WITH IN SPARE TIME**  
I have learned much in 10 to 15 minutes in spare time. I have a spare room in my house and work on it at 40 a week — LEONARD BERNOLD, Peoria, Illinois.

**SPARE TIME SERVICE PAYS WELL**  
I have now a spare room in my house and work on it at 40 a week — LEONARD BERNOLD, Peoria, Illinois.

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## 3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television. Only 18 Stations were on the air in 1947. Today more than fifty. And the figure may there will be over 1,000 within three years. Manufacturers are producing over 100,000 Television sets a month. Be a successful Radio-Television Operator or Technician — get in for career and a bright future in America's fastest-growing industry!

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